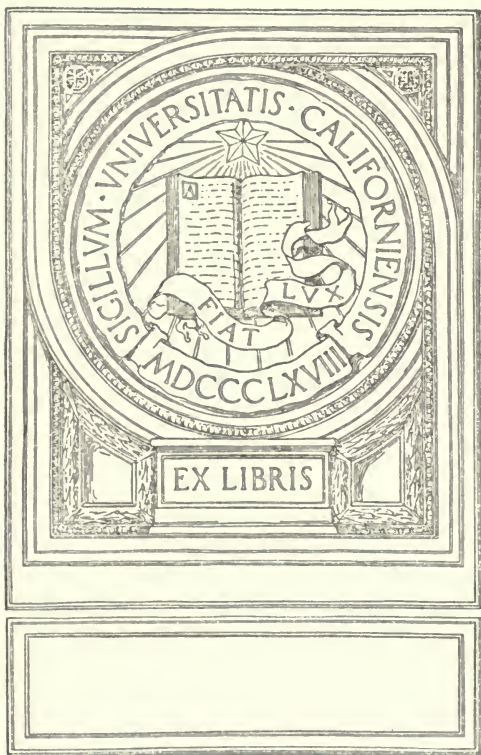


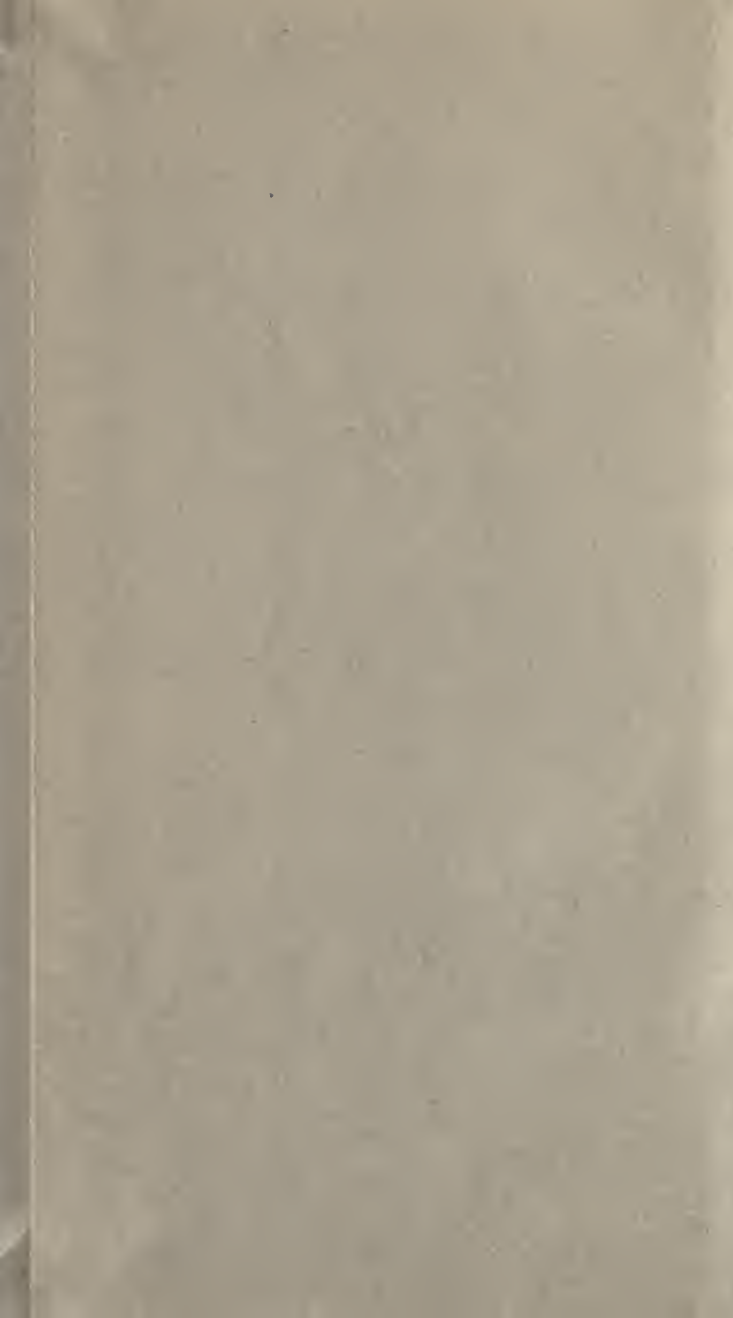
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# THAT HUMAN BEING, LEONARD WOOD

BY  
HERMANN HAGEDORN

11

"All of us who give service, and stand ready for sacrifice, are the torch-bearers. We run with the torches until we fall, content if we can then pass them to the hands of other runners."

*Theodore Roosevelt*



NEW YORK  
HARCOURT, BRACE AND HOWE  
1920



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To  
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## NOTE

FOR much of the biographical material which is the basis of this sketch the author is indebted to General Wood himself and to members of his staff, notably Colonel E. H. Humphrey and Colonel John C. H. Lee; to Mrs. Sara L. Beckwith, of the Bureau of Insular Affairs in Washington, Mr. Herbert L. Statesir, of the War Department, and Major Edward Clark; and to Mr. Wilson L. Gill, under whose direction the "school city" project was established in Cuban schools; as well as to the authors of various books and magazine articles dealing with General Wood's character and career, especially Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, Mr. Joseph Hamblen Sears and Mr. John G. Holme. For the guidance or active assistance which each gave him, the author desires to express his warm appreciation.

H. H.

New York, March 1, 1920.

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THAT HUMAN BEING,  
LEONARD WOOD

I

WHAT, in the name of things wiser than dictionaries, *is* a human being?

The theories of the dictionaries on the subject are vague and general. They imply that all things that clothe their means of locomotion in trousers or skirts are human beings; all things that eat and sleep and have the capacity to grumble; that worry and stew and tyrannize and procrastinate; that reason and spout rhetoric; that sentimentalize and confuse; that smile and hate and are gracious, and pray and preach and bear watching. The dictionaries are wrong.

## Leonard Wood

There have been creatures who have done all those things, and still have not been human; there have been kings and potentates who have done stranger things, standing astride of oceans, for instance, and juggling nations like little colored balls in the air; and they have not been human beings at all.

What then makes a being human?

It is *understanding*; first of all and last of all, it is understanding. It is not book-learning, it is not even wisdom, for the sage who wrote the proverb, urging man to "get wisdom," urged in the same breath, "and with all thy getting, get understanding." It is humility that makes a being human, humility born of mistakes and frailties and failings and defeats; it is knowledge of men and of the strange twistings and turnings, the curious contradictions of baseness and splendor, in the hearts of men, that makes

## Leonard Wood

a being human. It is the sympathy, born of such knowledge, and the tenderness born of sympathy; it is a sense of humor; it is respect for facts and scorn for self-delusion; it is all these things, comprised in the one thing—*understanding*—that makes a being *human*.

Explain understanding and you explain what constitutes the difference between an intellectual mechanism and a human being. A man, asked to define the word, might echo the reply of a certain statesman, asked to define an "overt act"—"I don't know what it is but I think I shall be able to recognize it when I see it." Understanding is known best by the way it draws to it the struggling and bewildered hearts of men.

"If I were on a schooner in a hurricane with the seas like mountains around, and I were to grope my way in panic out

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of bed and across the deck to the man at the wheel, and were to look under his sou'wester and discover it was Leonard Wood, I'd say, 'Oh, it's all right then!' and go to bed again and rest easy. That's the way I feel about Leonard Wood."

So one man spoke; so, millions, dependent on his vigilance and strength in remote corners of the world, have seemed to feel in years past; so, men and women, in numbers not yet to be estimated, seem to feel in his own country to-day.

Who is this man, Leonard Wood? What has he done? What manner of man is he? What qualities does he possess that make thousands of men and women turn to him for leadership with fervor and trust? Is he a real leader or is he merely the shadow of Roosevelt, his friend? Is he a real statesman or is he merely a well-advertised child of

## *Leonard Wood*

fortune? Is he a real man or is he a stuffed club?

Let us see.

His photographs are against him, for his photographs, with few exceptions, show his face in repose, and his face in repose is not the man at all, but a mask for a grim animal known as a general, worn as he wears his two stars, as a part of the uniform, a symbol of determination, more useful than many orations in making clear to an army of happy-go-lucky doughboys the elementary rules of the game. At its grimmest—and it is generally at its grimmest facing the camera—the mask is something to frighten babies with, and to horrify the dyspeptic with suggestions of platforms advocating the use of brass tacks in hash and of cayenne-pepper in tea. The jaw has a terrifying strength; the firm,

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straight mouth, the small and distant eyes, the whole Gibraltar-like solidity of the depicted features, suggest a Russian imperial governor preparing for the daily massacre, or a Japanese Elder Statesman about to annex the world.

Behind the mask the real man lives his varied and colorful life, doing three days' work in one with a minimum of noise and the energy of thirty-five; grave, patient, humorous, tender, with a forbearance that seems inexhaustible; tolerant, considerate, humble; capable of annihilating with a glance or a sudden, sharp word, but vastly preferring conciliation on a basis of give and take to the easier solution of brute force; a devoted husband, father and friend; a magnetic leader, who binds his subordinates to him by his sense of justice, his consideration, his confidence, his open mind and his sheer loveliness,



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and disarms his opponents by the patience of his search for facts and his eagerness to understand and to be understood.

The world knows the mask; only his friends and close associates know the real human being that is Leonard Wood.

"He is just like a chestnut-bur," said one who for years had known him better possibly than almost any one else. "All spines outside, but so soft and tender at heart."

The outside of the bur is the Elder Statesman who poses for photographs; the inside of the bur is the delightful companion of a small circle who smiles with a whimsical, boyish air and develops a double chin when he chuckles.

Physically, he is just under six feet, deep-chested and solid. His face is the color of pink granite and suggests granite in other ways, being rugged and

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deeply marked. The eyes are the clean blue of a windswept sky; the nose is broad and dominant; the mouth like a statue's in repose and full of life and individuality in speech. His close-cropped mustache is gray; but his hair is sandy-colored and young-looking. His voice is low. He is sparing with words. He reads without glasses. His left leg is stiff, owing to an injury received in Cuba, and he walks with a rolling gait like a sea-captain who has learnt to negotiate any sea.

His life is mainly work and his work is mainly service. He is out of bed early, at six or five or four-thirty, and reads or rides before breakfast, works all day and reads, when he can, at night. He eats moderately and, true to his seafaring ancestors, can and likes to live on sardines. Now and then he forgets that lunch is a part of the normal human

## *Leonard Wood*

schedule. He is difficult to tire out, owing partly to his magnificent health and robust physique and partly to his ability to sleep anywhere at any time at a moment's notice. He has been known to work eighteen hours, sleep two, and work eighteen more. Whenever possible, he fills the empty minute with sleep in order that the full minute shall have every ounce of his energy.

He is a great nature lover, distinctly an outdoor man; and he has to-day the physical vigor of manhood in its prime, because he has all his life made it a part of the day's work to keep the body in trim. His bouts at singlestick with President Roosevelt are ancient history; but he has his bouts at singlestick to-day. He boxes, he rows, he rides. When he rows, he rows twelve or fifteen miles; when he rides, he rides some large-boned hunter who makes him work. At

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Camp Funston, he used to go through a program of athletic "stunts" nightly with the officers of his staff, stripping off his coat, a match for the hardiest. There was one "stunt" in which he was the champion. With his forearm resting upright on the table and his fist clenched, he challenged the men of his staff to budge it. They tried it in succession and failed; whereupon they sent for outside talent. The strong men of the 89th Division, the farmers, the blacksmiths, the coal-heavers, were requisitioned; but without result. The General's arm remained unmoved and immovable.

He has no dominant tastes except for his friends, his work, his books and his dogs. He loves dogs, "any kind of dogs that have golden hearts," mongrel pups and foundlings left on his doorstep, preferred. He smokes moderately and, in

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the days before the Long Drought, drank his glass of wine in the same fashion. His musical ear is about as sensitive as was that of Colonel Roosevelt, who boasted that he could tell the difference between "Yankee Doodle" and the "Star-Spangled Banner," but admitted that all other delicate distinctions of sound were beyond his grasp. He detests problem plays and cares little for plays in general, but is better than the show itself at a good comedy which happens to kindle his risibilities. He reads steadily, widely and intelligently, mainly history and government; but knows English literature thoroughly and Spanish literature just as well. He speaks Spanish fluently and has struck thirteen more than once in Spain and in South America by his ability to address gatherings in the language of the country. His French makes up in enthusiasm for what

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it lacks in technical exactness. "Marshal Joffre, sitting between Roosevelt and Wood at a banquet in New York," a friend of all three men reported, "seemed lost between bewilderment and hilarity as he heard his native tongue tortured to death on his right hand and murdered in cold blood on his left."

His writing, like his talk, is clear, terse and almost abrupt. When his heart is not in it, it has a tendency to be a bit heavy-footed; but when his emotions are kindled the words burn and sweep along in a rhythmic prose that has the sincerity and simplicity of authentic literature and is as easy to understand as the Ten Commandments. His demobilization order to the 10th Division and his farewell to the men of the 89th, known as "Wood's Orphans," when they embarked without him for France, have in their hundred or two hundred words the surcharged qual-

## *Leonard Wood*

ity of great orations. As an impromptu speaker he is effective but not compelling. Audiences listen to him because they like what he says; not because he has any of the arts of the spellbinder. He is impressive because he is sincere. He kindles men not by showering them with sparks but by bringing them into contact, as it were, with the fierce heat of his own convictions.



## II

SO much for the man, Leonard Wood, as he walks and talks in Chicago or flashes for a hectic day through New York, or sets on edge the teeth of a nervous and somewhat emaciated, elderly Administration where she rocks at a window in Washington, conscious that fall is in the air.

"A vivid personality," agrees the gentleman from Missouri. "I didn't realize how much of a human being he was. I admit I was fooled by the mask. But a vivid personality may make a mighty poor executive. How does he handle himself in a crisis? You talk of conciliation, of seeking to understand and to be understood. If I know Leonard Wood he prefers the meat-ax."



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Let us see.

In the autumn of 1919, four hundred thousand workingmen threw down their tools in the steel mills of the country and went on strike. Violence was threatened; here and there actual violence occurred. Leonard Wood, commanding general of the Army in the Central Department, covering a territory as large as Europe, set his troops in readiness and waited for the telephone to ring.

Early in October it rang. The Governor of Indiana feared mob violence in Gary and wanted a regiment there to preserve law and order. General Wood replied that the regiment would be sent. Fifteen minutes later the men were falling into line. The General announced that he himself would go and take charge of the situation.

There was a scurrying and a wild con-

## *Leonard Wood*

ferring among the General's political supporters when the news was noised abroad. Frantic appeals came over the telephone from various parts of the city.

"Don't go to Gary!" his friends protested. "That strike situation has too much dynamite in it. As a candidate for President you haven't the right to risk it. Send some subordinate. If you go to Gary, sure as you're born, you'll have to shoot a lot of people and that will be the end of you."

His jaw seemed to settle into place. "All right," he answered, looking for all the world like an unhappy but resolute old Roman about to slay his only daughter. "If it's the end of me, it's the end of me and there's nothing more to be said. But I won't send a subordinate down there, and then, if things go wrong, protect myself by making a subordinate carry the blame."

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He went. The dynamite was there, it was there in quantities to make the ordinary man with political ambitions and an eye for political consequences quake in his boots. But somehow it did not go off. General Wood did not seem to say very much; he did not appear to be doing very much. But the news which every one was expecting from that turbulent strike-center did not "break." Gary, which had exhibited symptoms of incipient chaos, suddenly quieted down and slipped out of the news entirely.

What had happened? The representatives of the press, cooling their heels in the corridor outside the office of the Mayor of Gary, never had an inkling of it. General Wood did not invite them to his dramatic little party inside, and they missed a gorgeous opportunity to see how a human being could, by his very humanness, dominate a critical

## *Leonard Wood*

situation. It was the General's chief of staff who afterwards told the story.

General Wood arrived in Gary ahead of the troops, at seven o'clock in the evening, and proceeded at once to the Mayor's office. An ugly crowd filled the streets outside the City Hall, evidently strikers. He noticed several men who were in uniform, and turned to his aide. "Ask those service men to come to see me," he said quietly.

In the Mayor's office, the leading town officials were gathered.

"Tell me the situation," said the General.

The Mayor explained it at length. The strike-leaders, themselves, it seemed, were reasonable men. The real source of trouble were certain agitators, who were the leaders of a small radical group who had gained an unsavory reputation during the War and were now spurring

## *Leonard Wood*

the strikers to violence. The General sent for the labor leaders and for one of the agitators.

Twenty minutes later, he had all the factors in the situation before him—the town officials, representing law and order; the agitator, representing violence; the labor leaders, representing the strikers; and the three men in uniform out of the crowd, representing the flag.

“I am about to issue a proclamation,” he said, standing before them, “and I want you all to hear it and to understand the situation.” Then he dictated a statement forbidding parades and public assemblages in the streets and the carrying of firearms; and laying down certain regulations regarding men in uniform. Theaters, lecture halls, moving-picture places and other well-conducted places of amusement, he declared, should continue as usual.

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"You have heard what will be expected of the citizens of Gary," he concluded. "The regulations laid down in this proclamation are all that there are. There will be no secret instructions."

Thereupon he sent the statement to the press and turned to the eldest of the three service men. If the man expected to be "blown up," he was disappointed. "Corporal," said the General in the tone of one seeking information, "you knew that the Mayor of Gary had forbidden the strikers to parade. Why were you and these other service men in that crowd, and why were you in uniform?"

"We put on our uniforms, sir," the corporal answered, "because we wanted to hold the crowd down to an orderly meeting and keep them from burning the plant or the city as some of them were out to do. And we thought our uniforms might help."

## *Leonard Wood*

"Are you strikers?"

"Yes, sir." The man lifted his head.

"But we are Americans first."

The General's face cleared. "Good!" he exclaimed. "I congratulate you. You've got the right point of view. Are you members of the American Legion?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's fine! I suggest that you call a meeting of your post and make it generally known that you stand for law and order and propose to support the authorities."

"We have called a meeting for tonight, sir."

"Good. Tell the men that I should be glad to have their help in keeping order in Gary. All who volunteer will be sworn in as deputy sheriffs."

Then the General turned to the labor leaders. There were three of them pres-



## *Leonard Wood*

ent. The General addressed the one who was evidently the spokesman.

“Mr. Anderson,” he said, “you represent the strikers, I understand. I want to make one thing clear to you and to the workers you represent. I want you to understand that the military forces are in Gary not in the interest of the steel operators and not in the interest of the strikers, but to maintain law and order. In our official capacity we are not interested whether the strike continues or not. We may have our personal opinions, but these do not affect our actions. The military forces of the United States represent the government of the United States, and between operators and strikers, the government of the United States is absolutely neutral. We are here to maintain law and order. We are here to see that the citizens of Gary are protected in their peaceful pursuits and that



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individual and property rights, under the law, of the striking employees of the steel mills are protected, as well as the rights of other citizens and of the Steel Corporation."

"General," said the strike leader, "that's fair enough. That's just what we want. We have no kick against the troops being in Gary. We're glad they're here because we believe that under your orders they'll give us square treatment. Now what about picketing?"

The General's answer came quick and clear. "Picketing in reasonable numbers is permissible. Mr. Anderson, I mean by that, that your picketing must consist of offering arguments, remonstrances, anything of that kind which you may want to offer to the workers in the steel mills to bring them round to your point of view. But in no circumstances must you offer them personal violence,

## *Leonard Wood*

nor must you use threats. I say reasonable numbers, and by that I mean that you may have two or three men in one part of the street and two or three twenty or thirty yards away, and so on."

"I get you, General. What about picketing at the gates?"

"You may have a small party on picket duty at the gates. I say 'reasonable number' and restrict you to small parties not because I do not have absolute confidence in you and your associates to help us keep order, but because I am afraid that if these parties are allowed to consist of a considerable number of men they are liable to contain some elements that stand for disorder and I am afraid, Mr. Anderson, that you will not be able to control your own people."

"I see the point. How about meetings?"

"Have all you want. It's your consti-

## *Leonard Wood*

tutional right. But have them indoors and don't let any one preach sedition. The reason I don't want you to hold them outdoors is because outdoor meetings cannot be controlled by the men in charge of them. You can have any one you want to address your meetings. But you will be personally responsible that no disorder occurs and that nothing is said advocating the overthrow of American institutions."

There was one man who stood a little apart from the others, apart from the town officials, apart from the service men, apart from the labor leaders. His expression left no doubt that he was fully aware of the drift of the conversation.

The General turned to him with finger pointed. "You," he said sharply, "you have come to this country to find a freedom which was denied you in the land of your birth. You have established

## *Leonard Wood*

yourself here and, I understand, have built up a lucrative business. You are a man of some education and should know better than to use your talents for the purpose of stirring up people, who do not understand our language or our institutions, to violence against our government. You have done everything in your power to overthrow the system of law and order which gave you the opportunity to live and work and prosper to any extent that your native abilities permitted. I want you to understand clearly that you stand here to-day under a military régime which has just been instituted for the purpose of maintaining law and order. If during the time the military are in control, you utter or publish inflammatory matter tending to stir up these people to the point where they disregard law and order and resort to violence, you will be promptly suppressed

## *Leonard Wood*

and, if necessary, shot. Do you understand? ”

The man looked up into the General's face. “ Yes, sir,” he said in subdued tones.

“ That's all,” said the General. “ You can go.”

The sinister little man slipped from the room, and the General, undisguisedly glad that he was gone, passed round the semicircle, shaking hands warmly with each man.

“ Is everything clear as far as you men are concerned? ”

The men nodded their heads.

“ I am here to maintain law and order, and law and order are going to be maintained. Don't you want to help maintain them yourselves? ”

“ Yes, sir! ”

“ Yes, General! ”

“ You bet you! ”

## *Leonard Wood*

“You are simply American citizens protecting your own homes. I want you to know that the military want conflict less than anybody. I hope there will be no trouble, now that we understand each other.”

The men filed out of the room. From the streets came the sound of rolling trucks. The troops were arriving in the city. But there was nothing but patrol duty for them to do. No shot was fired during the military occupation of Gary.

Leonard Wood had made shooting unnecessary.

### III

THE thing that turned the trick at Gary and, in the very face of chaos, laid the foundation of a deeper appreciation of the duties of government, on the one hand, and of the loyalty and reasonableness of labor on the other, was real statesmanship; and it was that most effective form of statesmanship which is based on the qualities which differentiate an intellectual apparatus from a human being. General Wood wanted to understand; and he wanted to be understood. He questioned, he explained; and with sure steps, leaving no issues vague, he proceeded from point to point until, for all, the situation was clarified, and every one knew exactly what he could do and what he could not do.



## *Leonard Wood*

There were no cloudy generalizations to bewilder and confuse. The General talked a language which the common man could comprehend.

“What is General Wood’s attitude toward union labor?” asked a laboring man in the course of a meeting in Chicago of Lodge No. 83 of the Switchmen of North America, a week or ten days after General Wood came to Gary.

John Fitzpatrick, president of the Chicago Federation of Labor and organizer of the Gary strike, answered the question. “I’ll tell you about General Wood’s attitude toward union labor,” he said. “I called on the General to negotiate for an outdoor labor meeting at Gary. The General gave the permission at once, and he did more than that. He helped me to find a good place to hold the meeting. He said that he wanted to give the strikers a square deal and that any time I wanted



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to have another meeting in Gary, he would be glad to give the necessary authority, providing the meeting was conducted by a responsible man who would guarantee that no inflammatory speeches would be made or anything said against the United States government. I hand it to him. There's nothing wrong with General Wood's attitude toward union labor."

And the "Central Labor News" of Gary, rejoicing at the "square deal" that labor had received, remarked, "It just only goes to show that a head is advisable in cases of strife. When one has a head that is trained and fair no one can help but be gratified."

"A disposition to preserve," says - Burke, "and an ability to improve, taken together, would be my standard of a statesman."

## *Leonard Wood*

The crisis at Gary revealed not only Wood's "disposition" but also his ability to "preserve." What of his disposition and his ability to "improve"?

In plain English, what qualities of constructive statesmanship does he possess? Let us see.

20 The American forces captured Santiago de Cuba in July, 1898. Two weeks later, Leonard Wood, who had distinguished himself in the organization of the Rough Riders and had proved a cool-headed commander in the field, was appointed Military Governor of that outwardly beautiful and inwardly loathsome pest-house of southeastern Cuba.

The condition of Santiago, when General Wood assumed command, was almost beyond belief. "You could smell it ten miles at sea," an old sea-captain declared. The buzzards fed on the corpses in the streets; in the prison-pits,

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men and women, the sane and the mad, the quick and the dead, the innocent and the guilty, lay in a horrible jumble of reeking humanity. There were no doctors, there was no sanitation. Men died in the streets and were left to the dogs because the living were too weak to bury them. There was no government, there were no law courts, there were no police.

It was a desperately sick city, and Leonard Wood the physician set himself to bring it back to health. He cremated the dead; for the fever-stricken he established hospitals; and every human creature, man, woman or child, that could stagger about on its own legs he set to work to purge and disinfect the city. He himself cleared out the prisons, day after day sitting in judgment, as the poor wretches, imprisoned years before at the whim of some Spanish Governor General who had long ago sailed for home

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and forgotten their existence, were brought to the light of day for trial, and freedom. He was everywhere at once, working through countless subordinates, yet seeming to give to each detail his personal touch; everlastingly busy, carrying in his head a dozen constructive projects, yet always, it seemed, accessible; now in his office, working out a code of law for the province, now on the street, suddenly alighting from his horse and showing a clumsy wielder of a bamboo broom that it is easier to sweep downhill than up.

“I was frequently in Santiago after the surrender,” said Theodore Roosevelt later, “and I never saw Wood when he was not engaged on some one of his multitudinous duties. He was personally inspecting the hospitals; he was personally superintending the cleaning of the streets; he was personally hearing the

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most important of countless complaints made by Cubans against Spaniards, Spaniards against Cubans, and by both against Americans; he was personally engaged in working out a better system of sewerage; or in striving to secure the return of the land tillers to the soil. I do not mean he ever allowed himself to be swamped by mere detail; he is much too good an executive officer not to delegate to others whatever can safely be delegated; but the extraordinary energy of the man is such that he can in person oversee and direct much more than is possible with the ordinary man."

"Organization is the simplest thing in the world," said Leonard Wood, "if you will just build your house before you try to place the bric-à-brac on the mantel."

Leonard Wood was in Santiago as Governor for a matter of sixteen months. During that time he cleaned and drained

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a city which had never dreamed of sanitation before, reducing the daily death rate from two hundred to ten, superintended the distribution of rations, stamped out two or three epidemics and built countless hospitals, administered justice, worked out a code of laws based on the best in the American and Spanish systems, devised a scheme of finance, instituted a criminal and civil judiciary, a new public school system, and a system of taxation; paved streets and built highways, dredged the harbor, built lighthouses, increased the city's water supply; launched an engineering project for draining the malarial swamps near the city and established municipal governments throughout the province, paying all the expenses out of the ordinary revenues that he collected and actually laying aside a matter of fifty thousand dollars a month. "It was," in the words of a

## Leonard Wood

contemporary, "the *tour de force* of a man of genius." He called the food profiteers together, talked to them and sent prices tumbling seventy-five per cent; set the press free to abuse him at its own sweet will; governed openly and honestly; and became the idol of the province.

"It was not so much what General Wood did in Santiago as what he was," said a shrewd observer. "He stood for Americanism. For years the Cubans had been looking to the great nation of the North for succor in their struggle. They had at last been rescued, and the Spaniards had been driven from the Island. Their ideal of the bravery, the honesty, the power, the wisdom of the American was high. He must be everything which the Spanish oppressor was not. And here they had General Wood, *the American*. He was calm, firm, simple, accessi-



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ble to poor as well as to rich. He was direct and absolutely truthful in what he said. He had none of the airs of the Spanish governors—a sturdy man in a khaki suit, who went everywhere, saw everything, and could be neither flattered, nor cajoled, nor deceived.”

He governed by “horse sense” and a shrewd knowledge of human nature. — One of his chief difficulties, it happened, was the unwillingness of the better class of Cubans to co-operate in the civil government. For one reason and another they sulked and hung back, complaining that too many of the minor positions had been given to Spaniards. In a small town near Santiago, Wood was particularly anxious to secure a good Cuban Mayor. He threw out intimations to that effect, but word came back to him that none of the men he considered available would dream of taking the post.



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One day, the principal storekeeper of the town in question came to the Governor's Palace to see about a small contract for fodder. After concluding the business matter, the General pretended to consult a letter.

"By the way, señor," he remarked, "you are an old resident of this country and perhaps you could give me a little advice."

The storekeeper visibly expanded and assured his Excellency that he was at his Excellency's service.

"Is it true then," Wood continued, "that the Cuban gentlemen are very indifferently educated and are afraid to accept civil offices for fear of appearing to disadvantage in comparison with the Spanish employees?"

The Cuban blew up with a roar.

"Ah, well," said the General quietly when the storekeeper's harangue in de-

## *Leonard Wood*

fense of his countrymen was over at last, "I merely wanted your opinion and I am sure I am very much obliged. You'll consider this conversation private, of course?"

The storekeeper swore that he would, but as the General had anticipated, he told the whole town. A few days later one of the leading Cuban citizens was appointed Mayor, and promptly accepted.

Wood kept his troops altogether in the background, exterminating the bandits who infested the province with the Cuban rural guards which he established, and keeping order less with a show of force than by virtue of his own calm and steady strength.

It happened one night that a mob of five hundred or more Cubans, caught by a wave of recurrent hatred of the Spaniard, surrounded the Spanish Club

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and started to bombard it with bottles and bricks. A breathless messenger rushed to the Palace sentry and a breathless sentry rushed to the Governor.

He found him leisurely folding up his papers. "I have heard the row," the General remarked quietly before the man had time to speak. "We will go over and stop it."

He picked up his riding-whip, the only weapon he ever carried, and, accompanied only by the sentry, strolled across the square to the scene of hostilities. The Spanish Club was in a state of siege, with the excited Cubans throwing missiles of all sorts through the shattered panes, and trying to force the main entrance.

"Just shove them back, sentry," said the General.

The sentry swung his gun around his head and through the lane which he

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cleared the General made his way to the front door of the club.

“Now shoot the first man who places his foot on that step,” the General added, in calm and unmistakable Spanish. Then he turned and strolled back to the Palace. Within an hour the mob had dispersed.

Wood's relations with the people of the province were singularly warm and friendly. Bewildered by their first experience with self-government, the Cubans brought him their personal as well as their political problems with the naïve trustfulness of children.

One morning two nuns came to his office from the convent of El Cobre, outside the city. “Your Excellency,” they said, “our Mother Superior is overworked. But she refuses to take a vacation. She has the deepest admiration for the work your Excellency has done

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for the poor Cuban people. We want you to help us. We thought perhaps if you would try to persuade her——”

The General's customary gravity resolved itself into a grin. He was not in the habit of exercising the arts of persuasion on Mothers Superior.

“Tell your Mother Superior,” he responded, “that, as Governor of Santiago, I command her to take a vacation.”

A day later came a note from the Mother Superior. “My sisters have been altogether too officious. I do not need a vacation in the least. But I yield to higher authority.”

His position, as Protestant executive of a province which was completely Catholic, held possibilities of countless complications, but he was too human not to be broadly tolerant in matters of religion, too skilful an administrator not to be able to disentangle the most obvious

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of the snarls which Spanish misrule had brought into the relations of church and state, and too good a diplomat not to keep on the best of terms with the officials of the church while he was doing it. There was high comedy and a touch of farce in more than one situation in which the matter-of-fact man in khaki was thrust by his mediæval environment.

It happened that a local priest was elevated to the Bishopric of Santiago, and as Governor, it was as much the General's duty to take a part in the ceremonial procession as it was the Bishop's duty to attend the high functions of the temporal authority. The streets were black with the crowds which had come from miles about, and through them, under the Bishop's canopy, walked side by side the Catholic prelate and the Protestant son of Cape Cod.

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"Thank God, the General is a Catholic!" went the cry. "We did not know it."

Now the Bishop was old and a little feeble and altogether moved to the depths. He found that swinging a censer with one hand was a wearying occupation when you were constantly bestowing benedictions with the other. He held it in the Governor's direction with an appealing glance.

The Governor understood and solemnly proceeded to swing the censer, looking possibly more solemn than he intended to look because of the overwhelming temptation to grin. The Bishop murmured words of gratitude.

The day was very hot and the line of march was very long. The Bishop's head began to get a little wobbly on his shoulders as he bent forward again and again to receive the kisses of the devout



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on his episcopal ring. Every time he bent forward his mitre would slip to one side, and Leonard Wood, with the utmost gravity, would shift the censer from one hand to the other as he straightened the Bishop's hat for him.

"I thank you, I thank you!" sighed the Bishop. "I could not keep this thing on without you."

At last the interminable march was over. "Thank God, you were with me!" exclaimed the old man. "I could not have made it if you had not been there to help me!"

"I am afraid I may have shocked the sensibilities of some," the General remarked. "From your point of view, you know, I am a heretic and bound for hell."

"Tush, tush!" said the Bishop with a benign smile, "you are a good Catholic; only you do not know it."



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On January 1st, 1900, Leonard Wood became Governor General of the whole island of Cuba. There was a magnificent simplicity in the instructions with which President McKinley set him to work: "To prepare Cuba, as rapidly as possible, for the establishment of an independent government, republican in form." The details were left to him. One wonders whether any man in the world's history ever received a larger order than that.

For Cuba—beautiful, chaotic, filthy, ignorant, enticing—had not the remotest notion of the meaning of self-government. The only government she had ever known was the crass despotism of the Spanish viceroys and the very word was abhorred and held in scorn by the Cuban people. Only a small group, educated in part in the United States, knew anything of the responsibilities of

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citizenship in a republic. The rest were as ignorant as savages of even the first principles.

- Leonard Wood knew that, to carry out his instructions, he would have to accomplish three things—to clean up the Island and stamp out yellow fever, to reform the judicial system, and inject into a disillusioned people some respect for the orderly processes of law; and, last and most important, to create a body of citizens capable of carrying on the administration of the nation's affairs.

The first was a task of science and sanitation; the second, an undertaking of clear-headed administration; but the third was a labor for Hercules.

It was characteristic of Wood that, having a four-track mind, he embarked on all three projects at once and used the fourth track for the little matter of reorganizing the railroads, reorganizing

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the postal service, establishing municipalities, drafting a new marriage code, settling the century-old question of church property appropriated by Spain, dredging harbors, building highways, and in general constructing, largely out of nothing, the intricate machinery of modern social and industrial life.

But all these activities were secondary to the three fundamental problems which Leonard Wood had been set to solve.

The cleaning up of the Island was, in spite of the frightful conditions in most of the towns and villages, a comparatively simple matter, but the yellow-fever terror for a time utterly baffled him and the scientists he set to work to banish it. It was only when the theory that the disease was carried in filth gave way gradually to the conviction that it was carried by the mosquito, that the solution of the problem was found. The story

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of the men who gave their lives voluntarily to prove a theory is a singularly heroic and thrilling one.

Dr. Laza<sup>=#2.</sup>er, one of the three scientists in charge of the research, offered himself as a subject for an experiment for the purpose of demonstrating that yellow fever could be transmitted by the bite of a mosquito. He was inoculated with a mosquito known to be infected, took the fever and died. Dr. Carroll, another of the three, <sup>first</sup> ~~thereupon~~ offered himself, for ~~further~~ experimentation and was taken ill with the fever, but recovered. It was now determined that no efforts should be spared to prove the theory beyond question. The physicians asked General Wood for authority to make experiments on human beings and for money to pay those who volunteered for this unusual service to mankind. Wood told them that any money they

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needed would be forthcoming and that he himself would assume responsibility for the experiments.

For weeks in the research hospital at Havana, men offered themselves for experiment, knowing clearly the peril they were incurring. One after another was taken ill ~~and one after another died.~~ <sup>- only one died - Lazear.</sup> For weeks the physicians struggled from point to point in their researches, until at last the secret they were after stood revealed. It was a great triumph for American science and a great triumph for Wood, who had infused into the little band of heroic men his own spirit of enthusiasm and determination.

The result was worth all it cost. In 1901 the percentage of yellow-fever patients in the hospitals of Cuba was twenty-nine in every thousand of the population. In 1902, on the whole

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Island, there was one solitary case of yellow-fever.

The problem of the judicial system of Cuba was intricate in itself and it was not made any less intricate by the psychological factors which entered into it. The code of laws was not bad, but the system under which it had been administered by the Spanish viceroys smelled to heaven in its rank injustice, with the consequence that the average Cuban was thoroughly convinced that law was an instrument of despotism expressly designed to place the helpless many in the grip of the powerful few. He shied from the law when he met it.

Wood went straight to the heart of the problem and gave the Cuban respect for law by giving him a kind of legal procedure for which a human being could have respect. He abolished antiquated methods; removed, as far as possible, the

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incentive and the opportunity for graft, together with the judges and prosecutors who had been the most notorious grafters; cleaned up the court records, reformed the prison system, and sent through the courts of the Island the word that henceforth the execution of the law must be clean and, within human limitations, swift.

The effect was exactly the effect that the advent of intelligent discipline has on a roomful of children, confused by the pointless and illogical tyranny of a domineering pedagogue. The Cuban people calmed down almost over night. Jangled nerves became quiet in the presence of a power that moved justly and intelligently without respect for wealth or social position.

Cuba healthy, Cuba clean, Cuba law-abiding, Cuba organizing herself to do business with an energetic world, made a



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picture that was singularly appealing beside the picture of that reeking prison-pit which Cuba had been. But Wood knew better than any one else that unless the fabric he was raising had a solid foundation of trained and organized public opinion to stand on, it would last as long as American troops gave authority to American ideas, and collapse as soon as those troops were withdrawn. Out of an ignorant, dependent, superstitious population, far more closely akin to the Spanish peasant of the sixteenth century than to the average American of the twentieth, he must build a citizenry conscious of the responsibilities of self-government and sufficiently informed to be entrusted with the delicate machinery of a modern state.

There was nothing to build on, nothing except the instinctive desire of the average human being to live in safety and at



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peace with his neighbors, and to have enough to eat. On this foundation, Wood built Cuba's temple of democracy.

He arranged a constitutional convention, appointed a commission to draw up an elective law, and, on the theory that the only way for the Cubans to learn the mechanics of self-government was by experience, held municipal elections all over the Island within six months after he took control. Meanwhile, even while he was making the people observe his sanitary regulations, he explained to them with characteristic patience and precision exactly why it was necessary that streets and houses should be clean and food for babies should be reasonably wholesome. There was no need to force the new laws upon the Cubans. They obeyed them because they were made to understand their necessity.

But Wood knew that the education of

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the adults in the elementary needs of modern existence was the merest stop-gap in the solution of his problem. He saw clearly that what Cuba needed to be a successful, self-governing republic was a new point of view. That point of view was summed up in the words, *All for each and each for all.*

He knew that the one way to inculcate the new spirit in the Cuban people was through the schools. With all the resources at his command, therefore, he set to work to build, out of nothing, a public school system that would reach the remotest hovel on the Island. For four years he spent one quarter of the total state revenue of Cuba on the education of Cuba's children. When he came, there was not a public school on the Island; when he departed, there were three thousand eight hundred.

Wood knew that a democracy stands

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or falls by the quality of its citizenship; he knew also that good citizenship means something more than the ability to read and write and figure. He knew that an educational system which fails to go beyond book-learning educates, in fact, as effectively for civic corruption as it educates for civic virtue. He determined, therefore, that the book-learning which the Cuban child received should be directed and made vital by definite training in the fundamental principles of democratic government.

Under the direction of a Supervisor of Moral and Civic Training, who had successfully established "school cities" in some of the schools of New York's East Side, the children were organized — in each school into miniature city governments, each with its mayor and town council, its judges, its health officers, its police. To this junior government much

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of the discipline of the schools was delegated; for Wood saw clearly that only by giving children responsibility can a sense of responsibility be developed. Through these children Wood reached the adults as he could never have reached them with all the proclamations and ordinances in the world, emphasizing and re-emphasizing the fundamental truth, that if a democracy is to be successful, its citizens must be governed in all the affairs of life by the Golden Rule, the spirit of friendliness and co-operation, of good manners and cleanliness and honesty and justice and kindness.

= The children responded as to a great adventure, and through them, gradually, Wood inculcated into a people that knew not law, the meaning of government and the necessity of submitting to the will of the majority.

It was a tremendous achievement, one

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of the greatest contributions of modern times to the advancement of democratic ideals. In the dust raised by his more spectacular triumphs it passed unnoticed, but the steadiness of the Cuban republic is a monument to the practical vision of the man who taught Cuba citizenship.

“We have made every effort down here not only to give the Cubans a just government,” said Wood at the close of his administration, “but to give them a government of the kind they fought for and for which so many of them died.”

He succeeded to a remarkable extent. “All conditions were ripe for a period of utter anarchy,” said Roosevelt at the time, “and under a weak, a foolish or a violent man this anarchy would certainly have come. General Wood, by his energy, his firmness, his common sense and his moderation, succeeded in work-

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ing as great an improvement as was possible in so short a time. He rendered services which if performed three thousand years ago would have made him a hero mixed up with the sun-god in various ways."

- It was Wood's combination of sagacity and quick sympathy, of imagination and common sense, of firmness and tact, of dignity and humor, that made it possible for him to advance Cuba in the scale of civilization four hundred years in four. He was a human being and, in consequence, he knew how to live and work with human beings. Men trusted him, because he always meant what he said; because he was resolute; because he was "square"; because he gathered about him the ablest men he could find, listened to their advice and took it, if convinced that it was sound; because he played no favorites; because he was

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always working, not for himself, but for Cuba; because he was loyal, and because he never lost his temper.

There was a great-hearted humanness in all his actions that won him a degree of affection among the people that was something more than popularity.

He had a friend among the lesser clergy, a little Spanish priest named Fernandez, to whom Wood had been drawn at first because he was the only Spanish priest who had been willing to conduct memorial services for President McKinley, and whom he came to like because of his tireless devotion to the poor of Havana and his attractive and vigorous personality. He was a dusky, thick-set Basque, kindly and courageous, distinctly a masculine type after the General's own heart. In the eyes of the world he was among the least of the servants of God in Havana.



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It happened, toward the end of Wood's administration, that the Vatican in gratitude for the settlement of many vexing problems of long-standing between the spiritual and secular authorities in Cuba, desired to express in some tangible fashion its appreciation of American fair dealing, and through the papal delegate in Havana inquired of General Wood what form he would like the Church's gratitude to take.

Wood had an inspiration. "The parish of Montserrat, the richest parish in Havana, is vacant," he said. "If you want to honor American fair dealing, make Emilio Fernandez priest there for life."

From Rome came the answer, "It shall be as the Governor General requests."

Wood himself informed the little priest. The man was incredulous. The



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church of Montserrat was the greatest in Havana. When he realized at last that his good fortune was no dream, he begged that General Wood and Mrs. Wood be his spiritual sponsors at his installation. The General said it was impossible.

"You forget, we are Protestants," he said.

"No one who has been as fair as you," the little priest insisted, "can be an enemy of Christ."

Special dispensation was granted, and for the first time in church history a Catholic priest was led by the hands of Protestants thrice around his church to his installation. It was General Wood who knocked formally on the door of the church asking for admission for his friend and it was the General and Mrs. Wood who finally presented him at the altar.

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The incident was characteristic; and it is noteworthy that the little priest "made good." He is to-day a Monseigneur of the Pope's household.

Men are by nature hero-worshippers, it seems, and the race or nationality seems to make little difference. Once they take a fancy to one of their leaders, they become busier than forty gossips in spreading the word of his superlative qualities. It was so with the people of Cuba. Once the shyness, the suspicion, the in-born antagonism to "the foreigner" gave way, first, to respect, then to admiration, then to affection, stories began to fly from mouth to mouth of the Governor's more or less superhuman virtues. They were the kind of stories people like to hear, stories that amounted to little enough in themselves, but that showed a wise mind and a large heart. The directress of a fashionable girls'

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boarding-school told how the Governor had accepted the invitation to her commencement exercises and had won the old Spanish families by going to the trouble of coming in gold lace with all his staff, knowing that gold lace and ceremony were what the school wanted to see. A leper in the San Lázaro had a different kind of story to tell.

A visitor to the hospital, wandering down a long corridor, came upon him where he lay on his cot, white and emaciated. He told his history, which was melancholy enough, filled as it was with the horrors of "Unclean, unclean!" Then, with a faint light in his eyes he pointed to the fresh linen on his bed, the polished floors, the walls without a spot.

"It was not always this way," he said. "But General Wood sees to it that we are cared for now. He comes over here

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and visits us and sits and talks and finds out what we want."

"You mean the Military Governor?" exclaimed the visitor, who knew something of governors from the Spanish days.

"Why, yes, that is General Wood," he answered. "He is a man. He has a heart. He tries to help us all he can. The food has not been so good lately. I mean to complain to General Wood the next time he comes and he will change it."

- The Cuban people found Leonard Wood a friend at a time when they needed, above all, a man with the patience and forbearance of a friend. They had been clubbed by the Spaniard to the point of exhaustion, and any suggestion of a rule by force, on the part of the rescuer, even temporarily, would have driven them to madness.

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“He succeeded in organizing our government,” said *La Lucha*, a leading paper of Havana, commenting on General Wood’s candidacy for the Presidency almost twenty years later, “without taking a single false step, without wounding a single Cuban susceptibility. If what Wood did here were better known in his own country; if the difficulties he had to overcome to establish the Cuban government were known in all their details by those who must elect him, the work accomplished by this illustrious man would of itself suffice to make him in the eyes of his people one of the most farsighted politicians and one of the most sagacious executives ever born within the territory of the American Union. That work as chief executive of Cuba is enough to make the reputation of a great statesman, of an energetic man of inflexible justice and courage, and to

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guarantee the success of his administration at the head of the public interests of his country."

- Wood sought by his moderation to win the confidence not only of the Cubans, but of the Spanish loyalists who formed an influential part of the population. He put the administration of the details of this government entirely in their hands, gradually bringing together the opposing groups, by stirring in both an enthusiasm for a common ideal. It was a real achievement, and by a skilful stroke he made the new unity dramatic to the people of the Island. On the night of the inauguration of Cuba's first president, he persuaded certain members of the newly elected Cuban Congress to call with him at the Spanish Club, where the loyalists were toasting King Alfonso; and persuaded influential members of the Spanish Club in turn to come to the

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inauguration ball and toast the Cuban republic. It was an imaginative piece of diplomacy that appropriately capped four years of government by sympathy, sagacity, courage and a sense of humor.

#### IV

“THE part played by the United States in Cuba,” wrote Theodore Roosevelt after his retirement from the Presidency, “has been one of the most honorable ever played by any nation in dealing with a weaker Power, one of the most satisfactory in all respects; and to General Wood more than to any other one man is due the credit of starting this work and conducting it to a successful conclusion during the earliest and most difficult years. General Wood, of course, incurred the violent hatred of many dishonest schemers and unscrupulous adventurers, and of a few more or less well-meaning persons who were misled by these schemers and adventurers; but it is astounding to any one acquainted with



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the facts to realize, not merely what he accomplished, but how he succeeded (in Cuba and later in the Philippines) in gaining the good will of the enormous majority of the men whose good will could be won only in honorable fashion. Spaniards and Cubans, Christian Filipinos and Moros, Catholic ecclesiastics and Protestant missionaries—in each case the great majority of those whose opinion was worth having—grew to regard General Wood as their special champion and friend, as the man who, more than any other, understood and sympathized with their peculiar needs and was anxious and able to render them the help they most needed.”

So much for the statesman, combining — in himself those two essential qualities of the highest public service, the “disposition to preserve” and the “ability to improve.”

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But what of his qualities of leadership? Statesmen, even true statesmen, perhaps, may be divided into two great classes, those who listen for the "voice of the people," and hearing it, or seeming to hear it, express its verdict in laws and decrees, irrespective of their own judgment of its justice; and those who, because of their training and knowledge of men and history having a deeper vision than most men, courageously strike a new course and prevail on their fellow-citizens to follow them.

Is Leonard Wood a human seismograph, quivering responsive to each distant rumbling of popular vagary, or is he a leader of men?

Let us see.

The great War broke on the consciousness of the overwhelming majority of the American people with a terrific shock. But to Leonard Wood it brought no sur-

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prise. He was an old friend of Lord Roberts and had a wide acquaintance among European soldiers and statesmen. He knew that war was in the air and he knew that when it came, the United States could not remain at the same time honorable and untouched.

He declared in emphatic terms that the American people were without adequate defense to meet the peril that might any day confront them. "We must prepare!" he cried.

His appeal met no response. He sought to establish experimental military training camps for students in their summer vacations. He was told that there was no money available for such a purpose. He smiled, set his jaw and set to work to create the camps without money. He secured permission to use army equipment on the promise that the War Department should incur no expense

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through this exhibition of generosity; and instituted camps at Gettysburg and Monterey on a voluntary basis, the students paying their own expenses. This was in 1913. Out of a population of a hundred million, two hundred and twenty-two young men responded. But those few became apostles. Wood lived with them, worked with them, talked with them. His burning sincerity set them afire. They began to see the need, and to feel the thrill of filling it. They formed an organization to promote preparedness. The following year there were not two camps but four, and seven hundred students attended them. Again Wood lived and worked and talked with the men, inspiring them with a passion for national service they had not known before.

The War broke out in Europe. With a deeper anxiety, a deeper fervor, Wood

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called on America to prepare. The great bulk of the people were too busy to listen, and the Administration too happy, where it floated on pacifistic dreams, to heed his warnings. Through the press, Roosevelt thundered like a prophet of Israel, and week in, week out, before gatherings large and gatherings small, here, there, and everywhere through the country, Wood preached the gospel of national preparedness with a patriotic fervor which had never before burned in him with so clear a flame. The youth of the country felt it, though their elders were callous. Thirty-five hundred or more attended the camps at Plattsburg and elsewhere that first summer after the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

Gradually, as German submarines brought the War nearer and nearer to the heart and conscience of America, Roosevelt's magnificent thunderings and

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Wood's restrained but glowing eloquence began to have their effect. Here a group and there a group, catching fire, formed organizations to spread the knowledge of the need of national defense. The Administration, sensitive to popular currents, swung overnight from extreme opposition to extreme support. Wood took heart. It was only when the Administration, having spoken the grand word, let the necessary action evaporate in the hands of a war secretary openly opposed to all preparedness for war, that Wood, unconsulted and unsupported by the authorities, once more set forth to lead the crusade.

Sixteen thousand men attended the Plattsburg camps during the summer that succeeded. All summer long, Wood traveled from camp to camp. Present or absent, he was the guiding spirit of each camp and the inspiration of the men

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who had dropped their business, their law, their medicine, to be trained for service when the call came. From dawn until night he was among the men, inspecting, praising, criticizing, directing their manœuvres by day, and under the stars at night explaining to an eager circle the mysteries of military strategy.

It is difficult to express in cold phrases the effect that Leonard Wood had upon the men whom he taught and trained in the rudiments of armed defense during that lowering summer preceding America's entrance into the War. They were not soldiers by inclination; if ever there were free citizens arming themselves to defend their homes and their liberties, these were such. And they followed him with whole-hearted devotion because they knew that it was to the defense of the best they possessed that he was leading them.



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It happened one warm September day that a company of rookies was reclining on a wooded slope in the foothills of the Adirondacks. One of them was a small-town cynic, a man who neither in spirit nor mental attitude seemed to "belong," and his comrades had rather wondered why he had come at all.

"I have been studyin' the General," he remarked as he mopped his brow. "I've been studyin' him ever since I came to this fool place. I have heard him talk and I have heard you fellows talk about him. Now I always have said that no one ever does anything in this life except for what he can get out of it. So I have been lookin' to see what General Wood is goin' to get out of this preparedness game he has been workin' so hard. And I sure have been puzzled." There was a pause in his soliloquy. Then he added, "He can't get any



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more pay, he can't get any more rank. By thunder, I have almost come to the conclusion that he is doin' it for his country!"

He was. He had nothing to gain, except the devotion of his countrymen; and he had much to lose. For the Administration scarcely concealed its displeasure at his efforts to create a public opinion which should demand adequate national defense; and more than once his official neck was in danger. He continued to fight, undeterred.

The war came to America as he had prophesied it would come. One after another the plans he had suggested long before, while there was yet time, were tardily adopted. The men he had trained at the Plattsburg camps became the backbone of the new great army. But for Leonard Wood there came neither recognition for the service he had

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rendered, nor the opportunity to crown that service with leadership at the front. He appealed for service abroad, but his letters to the authorities in power were not even acknowledged. "Wood ought to be court-martialed," a leading member of the President's personal entourage was heard to exclaim.

Partly undoubtedly because he had advocated preparedness while preparedness was not looked upon with favor by the Administration; partly because he was a friend of Theodore Roosevelt and, next to Roosevelt, the outstanding figure in the opposition, having political possibilities and an enthusiastic following; and partly because he was masculine-minded during a period when hazy benevolence was accepted by the powers in control as synonymous with virtue and an effective substitute for training and experience, Leonard Wood fared as ill at the hands

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of the Administration as that Administration dared to let him fare, and as his extraordinary ability as an organizer allowed. Successive attempts were made to discredit and humiliate him and lay him for all time on the shelf. Wood's friends chuckled quietly as each attempt ended in an extension over a new great territory of the suspicion that the War Department was playing peanut politics, while, with an ability which could not be denied, he turned one more effort at his destruction into an opportunity to do another job well.

At the very opening of the War, the Department of the East, of which he was commander, was abolished and he was offered his choice of the Philippines, Hawaii or—in the disingenuous phrasing of the Secretary's order—"the less important post" at Charleston, South Carolina. He chose Charleston, where

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there was work to do, and immediately set about to establish numerous training camps in the southeastern states. It was four months later that he received the order that placed him in command of the cantonment at Camp Funston in Kansas and of the forty-five thousand untrained and undisciplined young Americans who were to constitute the 89th Division of the National Army.

It was not the order that General Wood was most eager to receive, but the problem it presented was one after his own heart. He saw not an army, but forty-five thousand individual young men who needed guidance and leadership. And with all that was in him he set himself to the task of giving them both.

It was, indeed, in no sense an army of which he took command in those first days of September, 1917. The men were

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drafted men from the great agricultural states of the Middle West, mainly farmers and day-laborers, without physical grace or sense of discipline. General Wood appealed for uniforms. There were none. He bought on his own authority forty-five thousand sets of blue denim overalls with underwear, blankets and comfortables. He appealed for rifles. There were none. He set the men to work making wooden rifles. He appealed for artillery pieces. There were none. He set the men to work making cannon with wooden breech-blocks, projectiles, caissons, set on sleds and the running-gear of old wagons. It occurred to the men that this was rather good fun.

In their blue overalls with leggins, caps and belts and drilling with their homemade rifles, the men began to look and feel like soldiers.

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Wood was struck from the first by their earnestness and sincerity, their evident eagerness to do their full duty. It was his task, as he conceived it, to keep undulled this sense of personal responsibility and self-respect even while out of his forty-five thousand units he built his great machine.

“Never laugh at a man however crude he looks,” came the order from the General’s headquarters to the officers of the Division. “There isn’t a man in the Division who does not at heart want to do well. Let nothing in your method of training or your conduct toward your men tend to destroy their own self-respect. Remember that these men are human beings with ambitions, hopes and a hundred changing emotions. Treat them as human beings. If they are to be real soldiers they must be proud of their profession, proud of their officers, proud

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of themselves as soldiers. It is your part to see that such loyalty is developed and, once developed, that it is upheld."

In an extraordinarily short time the spirit of the General began to find its reflection in the attitude of the men. It was rumored that the General had sent out the word, "See that the private gets a fair deal; he's the man least able to take care of himself," and men who had expected militaristic methods began to take heart. "He never said a mean thing to a man," said one of them afterwards, half in awe. He never expressed impatience or dissatisfaction in the presence of the men. No man ever saw him angry. Day in, day out, he was among them, as laboriously they passed through the first stage of the transition from civilian to soldier, speaking here a word of praise, giving there a word of quiet ad-



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vice, patient, considerate and endlessly helpful.

It happened one day before the Division was three weeks old that the General, riding about the camp, came upon a group of men resting on the side of a hill. He stopped to talk to them.

They answered his greeting without budging from where they lay stretched comfortably on their backs.

"The sun's pretty hot," remarked the General. "Are your undershirts wet?"

The men "allowed" that they were; but did not budge.

The General's aide was a Southerner, with a hair-trigger temper which at that point went off. "What do you mean by lying there? Why don't you stand at attention?"

The General waved him back and as his aide subsided, turned quietly to the



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men again. "You don't know who I am, do you?"

The men in blue denim admitted that they did not.

"I am your Division commander, General Wood," he said.

The men scrambled to their feet. "Is you Wood?" exclaimed one of them, a Kansas farmer boy, with wide eyes.

The General, with the faintest suggestion of a smile playing about the corners of his mouth, admitted that he was. Then, quietly, he talked to them of the profession of arms and of a certain honorable custom which had come down from the days of the knights. "When a knight met a friend," he explained, "he raised the visor of his helmet that they might recognize each other as comrades in arms; and that is why soldiers salute each other to-day."

The men straightened up and their

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hands flew to their caps. The General answered the salute gravely, and rode on, and a dozen raw recruits stared after him, sharply conscious that they had had a memorable experience.

Wood knew that to many a young recruit the matter of the salute was one of the most galling features of soldiering, and he took every occasion he could find to make the men understand that there was no humiliation in the act. He was driving a motor-car along a country road one day, when he saw a doughboy, who was walking with a girl some distance ahead, suddenly bend down as the motor approached, and tie his shoe-lace.

The General stopped the car and called the soldier to him.

"You saw me, didn't you?"

The man shuffled about uneasily. "Yes, sir," he said.

"But in order to avoid saluting me,"

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the General went on, "you pretended to tie your shoe-string. That was it, wasn't it?"

Reluctantly the man admitted that that was it.

"Now I'll tell you what I would have done if I'd been in your place," the General remarked. "I'd have said to my girl, 'Now watch me make the old man take my salute!' Get the point?"

The soldier saluted. "Yes, sir," he said, grinning.

The General answered the salute with marked precision; and drove on. Another soldier had learnt the lesson of the interdependence of officers and men necessary to make that mass known as an army.

On another occasion a rookie strolled up to the General as he was standing beside his car. There was no suggestion of a salute.

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"How long have you been here?" asked the General.

"Three weeks."

"Why don't you salute? Don't you see that flag on the car?"

"Oh," said the doughboy with interest. "I thought that was your family service flag. Say, how long have *you* been here?"

The General explained.

"Well, I never!" the soldier ejaculated. "I've got in wrong, ain't I? I want to shake hands with you and ask you to forget it."

The General spied a sergeant in the background, walking up and down in a manner which indicated that things would shortly go hard with that particular doughboy; and to the General he supplied the final element of comedy that the situation needed. He gravely shook hands with the genial youth.

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“It may not have been discipline,” he remarked afterwards, “but I’d have been a cad if I hadn’t shaken hands with him.”

It was inevitable that incidents such as these, carried on the lips of awestruck boys, should have a wide effect. It became known that the General never waited for a man to salute him first, and soldiers began to brag of “how they beat the old man to it.”

Wood’s hold on the men became increasingly firm and sure as stories of his efforts for their well-being trickled through the Division. He could be seen at all hours on horseback or afoot inspecting here, examining there, the first man out of bed in the morning, beating even “reveille,” and the last to bed at night. Every day he was in the hospital wards and his cheerful, “How are you, old man? Getting along all right?”

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addressed to one man or to a dozen would echo and re-echo among the cots, until men whom the General never saw became somehow convinced that they had personally felt the warmth of his friendly solicitude.

“Why are the men so fond of Wood?” one of his staff officers was asked.

“I’ll tell you why,” was the answer. “Because Bill Smith in the rear rank thinks that as far as the General is concerned, he is the whole Division.”

One day a private who had had a little more whiskey than was good for him went up to General Wood and said, “Lend me two dollars, will you?”

The General knew the man; he knew his record, and it was good. The corners of his mouth flickered with the faintest suggestion of a smile as he handed him the money.

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“Don’t forget,” he remarked, “you’re to pay it back.”

The General, with a wide experience of soldiers, half seas over, suspected that this particular doughboy’s intoxication was not the kind that swallows the events of a night in happy oblivion. He was not mistaken. The next day brought remembrance to the doughboy and to the General’s door an utterly abased and humiliated transgressor.

Again the smile flickered at the corners of the General’s mouth. “It’s all right,” he said. “Your record was good. And you won’t do it again.”

The man’s face shone; his record *had* been good; from that moment it became distinguished. A flash of human understanding and forbearance had turned what might have proved the first step toward degradation into a victory for manliness and self-respect.



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Wood rode much among the troops, talking to the men during their periods of rest, keeping the officers human by the example of his own humanness, and creating among the men a pride in his leadership by being the kind of leader of whom a man could not help but be proud. There was something uncanny in the General's ability to be everywhere and see everything. He came, he saw—and very shortly after, the officer responsible received what he deserved. When at night the General found that the windows of barracks were shut which ought to be open, he did not reprimand either privates or company officers. He sent next morning for the brigade-commander involved, found that the windows had been shut because the men did not have sufficient blankets, and immediately filled the lack. A private, hearing one officer say to another, "The Chief wants



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the boys to have blankets enough," inevitably came to the conclusion that "the Chief" was a man of almost superhuman understanding, and was ready to carry out orders thereafter before they were given.

"Every man in the 89th Division," said a staff officer later, "seemed himself to want to do what General Wood wanted. The General used to say, 'There never yet was a bad regiment, but there are plenty of bad colonels.' The men seemed to feel that attitude. He never scolded them when things went wrong, but he gave us officers hell."

The epidemics of mumps, measles, influenza and spinal meningitis which swept all the great camps brought misery and death to Camp Funston also.

"In many ways it was worse than a battle," Wood wrote of one of the scourges which had incapacitated a quarter of the men in the

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cantonment. "But the men behaved splendidly, no absentees, no complaints. The discipline was undisturbed. Training went on without a hitch and every one was smiling. None of our men are ever in trouble, and we have not had a single case of an attack on women or insulting women. Somehow or other we had discipline without having to think about it. Perhaps the reason is, that it has commenced with the officers and every one has had to do his best."

"Soldiers will rise to any level set for them by their officers," he said at another time. "When there is illness or other trouble, that's the time for you to be there."

He fought for the lives of his men with untiring energy. The great dust-clouds which swept the cantonment at one time were irritating the noses and throats of the soldiers and making them sensitive, he knew, to meningitis and influenza. He bought hundreds of

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thousands of dollars' worth of crude oil and absolutely saturated the cantonment site and the adjacent reservation. It was a drastic measure, but it laid the death-carrying dust. The following spring he had the land sown in alfalfa, and the dust-borne diseases were stamped out at Camp Funston.

He watched over the men with a father's watchfulness. There was something glorious to him in the humblest doughboy.

"You are a band of crusaders," he said to them, "and when as soldiers you kill, you kill only that right may prevail."

To him the willingness to sacrifice was the essence of the soldier's glory and the splendor of the sacrifice to him was the same whether death came on the battlefield or by disease in camp. No home was darkened by the death of a boy

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of the 89th but a personal letter came to it from Leonard Wood. He knew that in the hearts of many a bereaved father and mother was the bitter consciousness of a vain sacrifice and out of his own conviction he wrote them that their son had died as any soldier on the battlefield, "in the great cause of humanity, free institutions and that this country may live in security." It was characteristic of his understanding and sympathy that, even as he could not think of the soldier apart from the human ambitions and hopes, the attractions and repulsions of the man within the uniform, he could not think of the man apart from the human beings who made his intimate world. When the War was over, the children of every one of his men who had died in camp or fallen in France received at Christmas a personal letter from him.

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"This greeting goes to you," he wrote, "with a Christmas remembrance from your father's comrades. Although you will especially miss his cheerful companionship during these holidays, remember he would want you to be happy and that he left you the precious heritage of his noble example. Always carry with you the proud memory of the sacrifice which he made for you and his country, and try to follow in his footsteps in doing your full duty to his country and yours, both in War and Peace.

"Wishing you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, the kind he would want you to have,

"Sincerely yours,

"LEONARD WOOD,

*"Major General."*

It is small wonder that the man who had it in him to write a letter so tender and so full of human sympathy should have won the devotion of his men and been able, through that devotion, to create an army that was a terrific fighting

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machine and at the same time an organization of independent Americans of initiative and resource. He was their commander, but he was, first of all, their leader. They followed him with wholehearted enthusiasm because he had made them understand that the way he was going was the way that they, in their best moments, themselves wanted to go.

To Wood, the training of the 89th was a great spiritual adventure to be crowned when he led his Division over the top under fire. In May, 1918, "Wood's Own," as they called themselves, were transferred to Camp Mills to prepare for embarkation. But it was as "Wood's Orphans" that they sailed for France.

At the last moment, General Wood had been relieved of his command and ordered to San Francisco.

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It was a tough blow. How tough it was appears between the lines of his farewell message:

“ I will not say good-bye, but consider it a temporary separation—at least I hope so. I have worked hard with you and you have done excellent work. I had hoped very much to take you over to the other side. In fact, I had no intimation, direct or indirect, of any change of orders until we reached here the other night. The orders have been changed and I am to go back to Funston. I leave for that place to-morrow morning. I wish you the best of luck and ask you to keep up the high standard of conduct and work you have maintained in the past. There’s nothing to be said. These orders stand; and the only thing to do is to do the best we can—all of us—to win the war. That is what we are here for. That is what you have been trained for. I shall follow your career with the deepest interest—with just as much interest as if I were with you. Good luck; and God bless you! ”



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In the face of public indignation the order exiling him to idleness on the Pacific Coast was rescinded and he was ordered back to Camp Funston to train a new Division, the 10th.

He went at the work with the same zeal with which he had undertaken the training of the 89th. No shade of discouragement weakened his spirit. He gave himself to his new army as he had given himself to the old, with all the devotion, the alert watchfulness, the solicitude, the appealing humanness that he possessed. The men responded as the others had responded, with even greater zest, if anything. Their General had had a "raw deal," they said. They were "damned if they wouldn't make it up to him."

The 10th Division never reached the fighting line to put their commander's training to the ultimate test. But the

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89th did. It went into the line in the Toul sector in early August on a front of sixteen kilometers with orders to gain all possible information about the enemy and hold the line while all the Divisions massed behind for the attack on St.-Mihiel. No identifications had been secured in that sector for a month. The 89th went into the line without brigading with French troops, dominated No Man's Land and secured on an average one identification a day. As the preparations for the Allied attack developed the enemy began vigorous patrols, then raids by small groups, then raids by storm troops in desperate attempts to secure information. The 89th beat off every attack, losing not a prisoner nor the body of a single soldier that might offer evidence for identification, but securing information itself from each assault of the foe. For the great attack, the 89th be-

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came the front-line Division. The objective was the key to the German position, a concrete and wire fortification in the Bois de Morte Mère, on which the enemy had been working for four years, and which the French had stormed in vain again and again two years previous.

The 89th captured it on schedule, held it, reorganized the front and remained there, unrelieved, for a month.

"The report which has come to me which has pleased me most," Wood wrote to a friend, "has been that the Division has never been late at an objective."

It never was.

In the Argonne the 89th fought desperately through the woods to the line for the great attack of November first. Here again its objective was the key to the German position, the heights of Barri-

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court. That night when Marshal Foch, grave and taciturn, heard that the heights had been taken, he said, "The war is over."

But for ten days more the 89th fought on across the Meuse. It was not the enemy, only the Armistice that stopped them at last.

Other able soldiers in succession commanded the Division, but in spirit it remained "Wood's Own." One night that winter, in a small village on the Rhine, a staff officer, turning a corner to light a cigarette under the protection of the overhanging eaves of a peasant's cottage, found himself suddenly face to face with what looked like an army.

"What outfit is this?" he asked.

The answer was quick and proud.

"This is a Kansas regiment!"

"Is it a good outfit?"

"Best in the army!"

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“Why is that?”

“Bound to be, seeing who is our commander back home. This is Wood’s Division!”

## V

WHILE Leonard Wood was preaching preparedness, training civilians to be officers when the need came, and, out of mechanics, farmers and day-laborers, shaping soldiers and organizing armies, the country he loved and served was passing through an experience in government that was as new to the average hard-headed American as it was bewildering; and as terrifying as it was in some aspects comic.

The average American citizen has a natural tendency to respect and trust the Administration which a majority of his fellow-citizens places in control of the Federal government, even though he himself may not belong to that majority. Once elected, the President becomes to a

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certain extent dissociated in his mind from the party which elected him, the leader not only of Democrats or Republicans, but of the whole American people. He is inclined, even in partisan controversies, to give the President the benefit of the doubt. He recognizes the difficulties under which the President labors; he recognizes also the existence of sources of information open to the President only, which give him the right to demand that he be not judged by superficial appearances. "Stand by the President!" is a slogan that has a firm hold on the American consciousness, especially in matters relating to foreign policy. It is an expression of the American's real love of fair play. When he feels that this fundamental impulse has been imposed upon, he has a way of "seeing red."

The remarkable operations of the



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mind of the Wilson Administration affected the average American curiously. At first he was puzzled. He saw the Administration go to war with Mexico and at the same moment proclaim its friendly relations with that state; and the situation struck him as odd. He heard it condemn the German government in a sharp note, threatening war if certain things happened; the things happened, and the Administration backed out of its threat.

He began to get his bearings.

The Administration was against war under any circumstances, he said to himself, and though he suspected that the point of view was mistaken, he agreed that there were arguments in its favor. He heard the Administration shortly after preach non-interference in the affairs of small nations, and he acknowledged certain merits in the doctrine; but

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when the President promptly thereupon landed marines in Santo Domingo to take over the government of that unruly republic, he saw both pacifism and non-interference go by the boards and became bewildered. The *Lusitania* was sunk; and in the exalted mood of the days that followed, he would have struck the man who criticized the President; but the President said "*Too proud to fight*," and his blood began to boil. The first *Lusitania* note brought back the glow of pride, but the second and third made him, he did not know altogether why, slightly ashamed. He was dimly aware that some one was trying to prove to him that the traditional way of handling disagreements between nations was out of date; that firmness and vigor were, in some way that he did not quite understand, immoral; and that the men who advocated them were reactionary militar-

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ists. Puzzled and unhappy, he wondered whether he too were a reactionary; and decided to keep an open mind. After a while he seemed to see light. The Administration was definitely pacifistic, he said to himself. But suddenly, it was calling for "incomparably the greatest navy in the world." In his joy at the sudden appearance of masculinity in what seemed to him the curiously feminine reactions of the Administration he did not object to a reversal of policy. A few months later, to his astonishment, the President was running for re-election on the issue of peace-at-any-price, but a month after his second inauguration the country was at war.

The citizen who liked logic and consistency in the conduct of public affairs watched the performance with the dizzy sensations of a recruit in the midst of an aviation test. He heard the Adminis-

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tration call on the very infants to "help win the war" and refuse participation to a human dynamo worth an army in himself; he heard it preach democracy, until men wearied of the word, and practise autocracy as ruthlessly as a czar; preach co-operation and refuse to co-operate; appeal for publicity and clear thinking, and govern by smoke-screen or by Aladdin's lamp. He heard the Administration ask for a vote of confidence, and proclaim its intention to abide by the popular verdict; he saw the vote of confidence refused by the people and heard the Administration declare that it had the country at its back.

The American of the old tradition felt his head reel at the bewildering welter of insincerities and contradictions and iridescent nebulosities through which the Administration seemed to dodge back and forth like a greased pig, too swift and

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slippery for human hands to clutch. He saw it reprove Japan in an ultimatum that implied war, and without debate, concur in Japan's desires; he saw it defend China in words and betray her in action; he saw it go to war with Russia, a power with which it declared itself to be at peace, and petulantly insist on making peace with Bulgaria, a power with which it had never been at war. He heard it preach open diplomacy, with the air of Adam discovering virtue, and saw it practise the ancient ways of Machiavelli in a manner as unashamed as it was inept. In America he heard it prophesying world-disaster if a comma of its treaty were removed; in France, he heard the same voice sauvely rejoicing over the changes "which the publication of the treaty had so fortunately brought forth."

Devious and strange beyond human

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comprehending were the workings of the Administration's intellectual processes to the citizen who had been taught in a school where *two* and *two* made neither rabbits nor roc's eggs, but *four*. Like a prestidigitator, diverting the attention of his audience with a meaningless rigmarole while he pretends to turn omelets into singing-birds and silk hats into Bengal tigers, he saw the Administration play with the American people, relying for success, it seemed, partly on the swiftness with which, in the mad succession of events, the individual act is blurred and forgotten, partly on that fundamental principle of the profession that "the hand is quicker than the eye."

He saw the Administration shake its finger at labor and, behind a screen of many words, yield to its demands; he saw it shake its fist at the profiteers, and behind a wall of newspaper headlines,

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leave them unhampered to exact the last drop of blood; he heard it flatter the public with unctuous phrases, and quietly throw it to the wolves, since it possessed no organization which needed to be propitiated. He heard it preach law and order even while it flirted with the very elements that were undermining law and order; and even while it fanned the flames of anarchy he saw it turn and annihilate the deluded anarchist. All this he heard and saw, bathed in an atmosphere of moonshine and Sweet-Sixteen-about-to-remake-the-world, veiling a singular vindictiveness and untrustworthiness; a flea-like agility to shift position just at the instant that annihilation impends; a shrewd wariness, expressed in half-truths and half-measures—the evil cause never more than half opposed, the good cause never more than half supported; a willingness to com-



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promise on principles and unalterable firmness only where personal pride was involved.

The citizen who loved truth more than self-delusion watched the strange tragic-comedy, bitterly resentful at what seemed the almost fatal departures from American policy, the delays, the evasions, the inability to face facts, which were costing the nation thousands of lives and billions of dollars; yet grimly amused at the echoes of Gilbert and Sullivan that dodged in and out among the tragic chords. There seemed a cherubic disregard for realities about the Administration as fantastic as a pantomime; and an elusiveness and intangibility about its policies as heart-breaking as the withdrawals and returnings, the prodigious approaches and sudden dissolutions of the shapeless figures of a fever-dream. He bitterly resented the vague threats,

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the vague promises, the vague intimations of upheaval, the altogether vague remedies which were disrupting labor, distracting capital, making the whole people restless and discontented, and benefiting only the agitator and the profiteer; but in his hottest resentment no American with any laughter left in him could altogether miss the gorgeous and colossal humor in an appeal for self-determination of all peoples and all racial groups abroad, by the leader of a party whose dominance depended on the rigid disfranchisement of the negro at home; or the high comedy of a leadership which fought one presidential campaign in defense of America's solemn duty to keep out of European quarrels, and proposed to fight the next in defense of her even solemn duty to get into them.

Leonard Wood, doing his work at

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Plattsburg and Governor's Island, at Charleston and Camp Funston and Chicago, was too good a soldier to comment on the Administrative actions or inactions of his superiors; but he was too good an American citizen not to feel a deep uneasiness at the unsteady course of the Ship of State, the veering to and fro, and the flapping of idle sails where she lay in the wind, now and again jibing violently, only to return to her dangerous inertia, while the helmsman debated with himself backward and forward whether to lay her over to starboard or to port.

He said nothing; but the record of his own administration in Cuba gives more than a hint of the emotions that seethed behind his tight-closed lips. It is not difficult to guess what the man, whose first act as Governor of Santiago was to give unlimited freedom of criticism to the press, thought of a censorship which

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identified opposition to the Administration with treason against the government, or what one, who had found his greatest strength in open dealing and in careful explanation of every step he had made, thought of the Administration's deliberate secretiveness and apparently studied efforts to blur issues and confuse the public mind. Wood, as governor, seeking to reorganize the railroads of Cuba, had chosen the two most experienced men available in America and England to supervise the work; revising the Cuban code of law, he had turned for counsel to the Chief Justice of the United States; fighting yellow fever, he had called to his assistance the wisest scientists he could find. He knew that notable work can be done only through notable men; and it is not hard to imagine his reaction to the timid reluctance to match minds with the best, which laid the problems of

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a dangerous war and a difficult peace into the fumbling hands of mediocrities. He knew from personal experience that the business of government is like any other great business and must be organized by departments, under department heads responsible to the general manager, the President or governor as the case may be. He knew that in the government, as in industry, any attempt by the executive to override the heads of departments must end in administrative chaos and that the machinery of government can run smoothly only when the executive appoints trustworthy subordinates and trusts them to handle the work allotted them. He knew that prosperity and general well-being demand reciprocal confidence between the government and the public, expressed in open dealings. He knew that questions involving labor demand such open dealing above

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all, even to the establishment of special commissions for the purpose of investigating disputes between employers and employees and publishing their findings for the information and instruction of the public. He knew, from his own experience, not only in Cuba, but in the Philippines and in the Army, that no differences between individuals or organizations are ever settled by concessions at variance with justice; that the first essential of any settlement is knowledge of the facts involved, the second, mutual trust, the third, firmness on fundamental principles and a spirit of conciliation on details. Knowing these things it is not hard to guess how bitterly he resented the Administration's uncertain and cloudy relations both with capital and with labor, the secret conferences, the hazy admonitions, the impressive generalizations, the total lack, at critical moments,

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of detailed plans and the consequent lack of trust on the part of capital, labor and the public in the government or any of its works.

What Wood was thinking during these years of vacillation and mental confusion remains Wood's secret. He did not speak. He did not have to. Roosevelt was alive.

Roosevelt's death brought him a double shock. They had been warm and intimate friends, who had stood side by side in the two great adventures of their lives, the romance of the war with Spain and the glory of that graver warfare when they fought the inertia of a people lulled into forgetfulness of duty; and forced a hostile Administration to take the course which they laid down. They were both great fighters, both "clean as a hound's tooth," both most human in their wide sympathies with all



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manner of men, eager for counsel and quick and steady in judgment; above all, both masculine-minded, having the courage to tell the unpopular truth. When Roosevelt died, it was Wood's battle-partner that went.

But Roosevelt's death brought to Wood a shock besides the shock of personal loss. He found the eyes of thousands who had looked to "the Colonel" for leadership now fixed on himself.

"We run with the torches until we fall," Roosevelt had said, "content if we can then pass them to the hands of other runners."

Gradually, as month has succeeded month and the Presidential election has drawn near, Wood has become the focus of the hopes of an increasing number of men and women scattered over the country who have found in him a symbol of that blunt belief in facts, that respect

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for training and experience, that love of open dealing, which the Administration has offended, and that traditional Americanism which in subtle ways it has sought to set aside as old-fashioned. It is not strange that countless Americans, angered at the lack of these qualities in the Administration, should seek to make the man who most patently possesses them, the instrument of their indignation.







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